

What shall I give my daughter the younger  
More than will keep her from cold & hunger?  
I shall not give her <sup>anything</sup> ~~her~~  
If she should South Weald & Havering,  
Their acres, the 2 brooks running between,  
~~Raine~~ Paine's Brook & Weald Brook,  
With penib, woodpecker, swan, & rook,  
She would barely be as rich as the queen  
Who once on time sat in Havering Bower  
Alone, with the shadows, pleasure & power.

She could do no more with Sam and and  
Or the ~~shades~~ <sup>mountains</sup> of a mountain land  
and its far white house above cottages  
Like Venus above the Pleiades.

Her little hands I would not cumber  
With so many acres & their lumber,  
But leave her steep & her own world  
And her spectacled self with hair uncurled,  
Wandering numerous small things  
That time with out contentment brings.

What shall I give my daughter the younger  
More than will keep her from cold & hunger?  
If she <sup>should not</sup> ~~should not~~ give her anything.  
If she ~~would~~ <sup>should</sup> South Weald & Havering,  
Their ares, the 2 Brooks running between,  
Pinner Brook & Weald Brook,  
~~With fewit,~~ woodpecker, swan, & rook,  
She would be no richer than the queen  
Who once on a time sat in Havering  
Bower ~~Bower~~  
alone, with the shadows, pleasure & power.

She could do no more with Samorcan  
On the mountains of a mountain land  
And its far white haze above cottages  
Like Venus above the Pleiades.

Her <sup>small</sup> ~~wide~~ hands I would not cumber  
With so many ares & their lumber,  
But give her Steep & her own world  
And her speckled elf with hair uncurled,  
Wanting <sup>a thousand</sup> ~~many~~ little things  
That come without ~~any~~ <sup>any</sup> bring.

Contentment